# Adam Fieled

#### twisted limbs

apocalypse out there, here, endless wheels, sparks; pockets of restrained & segmented light. lovely ways you defy me. best moments, always, you on top, when the world ends a little bit. warmth between lovers can never be unnatural, nor can hostage-taking, or a healthy regard for oblivion. it's all that's left in common between us & them: twisted limbs. our mouths move like theirs': flips, bites, our movements prefigure the same ends: consummated peace, mediated silence, "deliberate hebetude". we're w/ them as a necessary antithesis. they can't see us. they never could. it's left to us to make a balance, if we can. we'll need nothing less than luck.

#### edit

we look so good on paper, don't we, two hot bandits making love w/ words & bodies, perfect, a scamp poet & rogue "fictionista", each straightforwardly attractive in an "indie"

Contents Editors Bios Poetry Fiction/NonFiction/Reviews Art Chapbook Features Archives Contributor List Little Mags Big Bridge Press Poets In Need Store Links Search Submit Home

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